“How do you do it?” Steven said to his friend.

“Do what?” Calvin replied.

“Live here.” Steven replied.

“I don’t get what you mean.” Calvin said in reply.

“I mean. Look around you. There’s nothing here.” Steven said and gestured towards the buildings around him. The two friends were walking along the main street of the small town they had both grown up in, and there wasn’t a whole lot there. The entire street had a grand total of twenty some buildings on it. There was the small mom and pop grocery store that the two had just left. Across the street was the tiny little library the two had spent many an hour at after school when they were kids. Down the road from that the old church they had both attended, and across the street from that was the small school which housed every grade from kindergarten up to high school.

“It’s not that bad. Everything I could ever need is right here where I can easily get to it.” Calvin replied while thoughtfully stroking the faint hint of stubble on his chin.

Calvin was only two years older than his pal Steven, but he looked a fair bit older. His square jaw and strong features made him appear well into his twenties when really he was barely old enough to drink. Steven on the other hand was barely out of high school, and he looked it. His clean-shaven face made him look even younger than his best bud, and the full foot of difference in their height made the dichotomy even more pronounced.

“There’s not even half the things I could need here. There’s no supermarket. There’s no GameStop. Hell, there isn’t even a Mc-frickin-Donald’s!” Steven griped.

Calvin chuckled in reply which earned him a seething stare from his shorter buddy. “If you miss your city life so much why don’t you just go back to campus.” Calvin replied. There was just a hint of snide disdain in his otherwise amiable voice.

“Oh believe me. I want to. I’m only going to be back with the folks for a week, but even that feels too long. It’s only been three days, and I’m losing my mind.” Steven replied.

“You’ve been spoiled by the city. You really don’t need all those stores and shit to enjoy life. You’ve lived here all your life until just a few months ago, and it never bothered you before,” Calvin replied.

“Maybe I don’t ‘need’ all that stuff, but they make life so much better. Face it. This town just isn’t big enough for me. I was destined for bigger things than this.” Steven explained matter-of-factly.

“Sure thing, Mr. Big-Time. Just don’t let *him* here you say that.” Calvin replied and gestured towards the old statue across the street which was situated right in front of the old library.

Steven glanced over at the old figure and rolled his eyes. “What’s he going to do?” Steven scoffed. The statue was just as ridiculous as he remembered if not more so. It looked like some sort of overly stylized piece of new age art that should be in a modern art display and not sitting in front of a nearly abandoned library. It didn’t even look human. Sure it had all the parts that made it look like a man, but those parts were way too big. The body bulged in ways that would make a WWF superstar look like frickin’ Gandhi, and then there was that log and two boulders the ludicrously buff dude was seated on which looked too much like a SUV sized set of cock and balls to be merely a coincidence.

“You know the old stories,” Calvin replied. His voice then took on the low and dramatic tone he always used when sitting around the campfire back when they used to go camping all the time. “They say he will punish those who do not respect the land and its people.”

Steven once again scoffed and rolled his eyes. He had heard all the stupid old stories that the geezers around town had told them of the Bugbear, and he didn’t believe one word of them. Scary stories like that were always created with the sole purpose of keeping bratty kids in line.

“I’m not disrespecting anyone or anything. If anything I’m finally respecting myself enough to know that I need something more out of life. I’m no longer satisfied with something so small and insignificant. I told you, I’m destined for big things. We’re talking huge, and there’s no way a small little blip on the map can handle me.” Steven explained.

He waited a moment for Calvin’s inevitable reply, but to his surprise his best buddy was strangely silent. Steven glanced over his shoulder at his taller, beefier pal and cocked an eyebrow at what he saw. Calvin was staring right at him as if he had seen a ghost.

“Dude, what’s up?” Steven asked.

“The statue…” Calvin replied in a voice barely above a whisper.

“Dude. Quit it. You’re not going to scare me with such a simple ploy. I’m not a little kid anymore.” Steven replied testily.

“No seriously. Look!” Calvin shouted and pointed at the statue. His normally deep and soothing voice had become borderline shrill. He sounded close to a full-scale freak-out, and given how piss-poor Calvin’s acting abilities were, Steven knew it couldn’t just be a ruse.

Steven glanced over at the statue and balked at what he saw. The statue had moved! There was no doubt in his mind. Usually the figure sat there and stared across the street as if looking off into the distance, but now it was staring right at Steven. It was as if the solid, bronze figure was glaring right into his soul.

Steven could feel a chill run up his spine. His hairs stood on end. His body broke out in a cold sweat, and goosebumps covered his skin, but there was something else he could feel too – something that didn’t quite make sense. His shirt felt suffocatingly tight. It was as if his once loose, baggy t-shirt now stretched across his chest like a second skin.

Steven glanced down and balked at what he saw. His shirt didn’t just feel tight – it WAS tight. The taut fabric could barely contain his thick pecs which made absolutely no sense because Steven had always been a wiry little thing. Calvin had always been the bigger man of the duo. Calvin was the big, strong jock in high school. The type who was captain of the football team and on the varsity squad in three different sports while Steven was lucky to be a bench warmer on the chess team, but now Steven looked like he had been hitting the gym religiously from the day he was old enough to walk.

Steven ran a hand across his thick, swole pecs and his dense, sculpted abs. Even though the fabric of his shirt he could see the definition of his rippling abs. He was so entranced by his amazing, chiseled torso that he wasn’t even aware of the other changes until he heard the seams of his shorts popping and fraying. He glanced down and stared in awe at his thick thighs. His quads had gone from veritable bean poles to full on oak trees. His swole leg muscles were almost as thick as his hips, and they were still growing! But his thighs weren’t even the most amazing transformation he had going on below the belt. The thing bulge in his formerly loose cargo shorts indicated that something else was growing as well.

Steven suddenly started to feel self-conscious. There was no doubt in his mind that other people would be able to see the obscene bulge as well. It was hard to miss. The lump of his cock and balls in the front of his shorts was so huge that it looked like he had crammed a pair of bowling balls and a prize-winning squash down his shorts. His balls looked even bigger than his biceps, and given the growth spurt his muscles had just undergone, his biceps were now the size of soccer balls!

The sound of shredding grew louder. Steven could see and hear his clothes steadily giving up the ghost on him. A large tear formed down the center of his shirt as his pecs surged outwards. The huge hole right in the middle of his t-shirt formed a window which made it even more painfully obvious how thick and shapely the muscles in his chest had become. His pecs were the size of a pair of thick, supple king-sized pillows, and the cleavage he had showing through the newly formed whole in his t-shirt was so deep that it would put Power Girl to shame.

The seams and stitches of his shorts popped and frayed more and more by the second. The sides of his shorts pulled apart as his already tree-trunk-thick thighs surged outwards in size. The main seams right down the sides of his shorts had already pulled apart so far that much of the sides of his legs were openly on display. Only a few strands of fiber help the two halves of his shorts together, and those were quickly popping and snapping too, and it wasn’t just the fabric that was breaking. The sound of teeth snapping off from the zipper of his fly made his shorts sound like a bag of popcorn in the microwave. With each passing pop, more and more of his rapidly swelling package spilled out from behind the canvas of his khakis. Steven’s plaid boxers were doing nothing to help hide the sheer enormity of his package. His cotton undies had been stretched so far to their limits that the fly had long since shredded right open. Huge swaths of cock flesh could be seen plain as day, and yet there was still the majority of his schlong still hidden behind the multi-colored fabric.

Steven’s cock had to be as thick as his forearm – which thanks to his recent surge of muscles were now as thick as watermelons. Steven had no idea how long his cock had become, but he was sure he would soon find out. His shorts were so thoroughly thrashed that the few remaining tatters were quickly falling from his frame leaving him clad in just his overstuffed pair of boxers, and even those were not going to last long. The cotton fabric of his plaid underoos were shredding left and right. Loud rending noises split the air as huge gashed split through his boxers. More and more of his big, beefy booty and his thick, shapely thighs were coming into view as more and more tears appeared in his boxers, and his boxers were still nowhere near as demolished as his shirt.

Steven’s t-shirt was almost literally holding on by a thread. There were so many tears in the few remaining tatters of his t-shirt that it looked like he had a bag of confetti glued to his torso. The only reason the few remaining shred of shirt were still clinging to his body was because the collar was still more or less intact, but even that wouldn’t last long. The collar was so tight around his neck that it was close to choking him, and as his neck grew thicker and thicker the tightly woven fabric of his shirt collar dug deeper into his throat. It was so tight that it actually hurt. It hurt so much that Steven actually let out a loud sigh of relief when the collar finally snapped and sent the few remaining tatters of his shirt fluttering to the ground.

Steven’s relief was short-lived though. Without the pain of his collar digging into his throat, he was free to take stock of his changes and his surroundings even more. Steven was now so muscular that he put even the comically bulge-y statue of the town’s resident protector to shame. Steven’s swole shoulders were now so wide that he practically filled both lanes of Main Street, and that was saying nothing of how big the rest of him was. His boxers had given up the ghost completely leaving his big, beefy booty and his massive cock and balls exposed for all to see, and there was a lot to see! Steven’s balls were so massive that they dangled down to his shins, and his cock was so huge that the head of it rested solidly on the pavement below, and he was still growing!

Steven glanced pleadingly over at his friend, but his expression soon changed as he locked eyes with Calvin. Steven had to look down at his buddy! Calvin had always stood a full head taller than the smaller, slimmer dude, but now Steven was easily twice as tall as the biggest, beefiest dude their high school football team had ever seen! Calvin now only came up to Steven’s crotch! Steven’s dick was longer and thicker than the former quarterback’s whole body!

Something about seeing how tiny Calvin was compared to him caused a rush of conflicting feelings to rage within Steven’s mind and body. On one hand he knew he should be mortified. He was bare-assed naked in the middle of town. Everyone he had ever known growing up could see him in all his nude glory, but on the other hand, he had A LOT of nude glory for everyone to see. He had the body that would make an Olympian god weep with shame. He had a cock that rivaled pick-up trucks for sheer size, and he was still growing! With each passing second he grew taller, and stronger, and thick, and his cock grew and grew. His already massive schlong surged in size. His already colossal balls swelled with each passing second. Soon his nuts were so heavy that they rested solidly on the ground. Soon his hardening cock was so thick and so long that it was closer in size to a fire truck than a Ford truck. His lats flared out like wings on either side so wide that he started to spill over out of the middle of the street and onto the side walk on either side. His bare, beefy butt was so huge that either cheek of his massive ass was the size of a king-sized mattress only twice as thick and three times as firm. His thick muscular thighs were no longer the size of oak trees. They were now rapidly approaching the thickness of red woods!

Steven was already beyond massive, and he was still growing. The rooftops of the nearby buildings barely reached his top row of abs. Calvin was now so tiny compared to his titanic bro that he barely stood past Steven’s knees. Steven’s cock was now so thick that it filled both lanes of traffic and his balls were so huge that either massive orb was easily the size of the small church up the road – the church which despite being three buildings away from where Steven was standing was now situated right beside the thick, spongy head of Steven’s massive, fully boned cock!